

THE
LADIES'
WEEKLY MUSEUM,
OR
POLITE REPOSITORY
OF
AMUSEMENT AND INSTRUCTION.

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NO. 4.

THE
FORTUNE-HUNTER,
(Continued.)

MORE MISCHIEF BREWING.

A single plot is fortune's bubble!
The wise man has his bow-string double.

IN this situation was this happy family, when Amanda was pointed out to the hero of our history as a proper object of his designs. The mistress of the boarding school, whose expectations were raised by the uncommon liberality of Mr. Commerce (who never visited his daughter, without making her some present) to still greater advantages, was so provoked at her being thus suddenly snatched from her, that she readily entered into the scheme of our hero's mother, in forming which resolution, her resentment was assisted by a present of fifty guineas in hand, and a promise of five hundred on their success. For this purpose she gave him all the information she could in the affairs of the family, and instructed him how to make his attack with the greatest probability of success, engaging to second them with all her address and interest at a proper time, and to give him the necessary intelligence and directions as he proceeded; for she fre-

quently visited her former pupil, for whom she professed the highest regard.

In consequence of this scheme, as soon as the intended lover had struck the notice of Amanda at church, which the richness of his dress and the significant earnestness with which he stared at her continually, soon did, madam, in her next visit, took an opportunity to ask Amanda when they were alone together, if she knew any thing of a very fine gentleman who had walked several times before her windows. Just before she left her house; and upon Amanda's answering, that she never had; "Well now, that's very strange, (said she) for every one else in the house did. Well, as I stand upon the character of my house, my dear, the very day after you left me, I resolved to know who he was, and what he wanted, and therefore planting myself in the window, as soon as he came by, I went directly out, and asked him what he wanted in my house, that he stared so into the windows.—Would you believe it, my dear, the poor gentleman burst into tears, and pulling a fine diamond ring off his finger, fit for any duke to wear, 'Dear madam, (said he, making the genteel bow I ever saw in my life) I mean no harm to any one in your house. I only walked by in hopes of getting a sight of the fairest creature my eyes ever beheld, but alas I am disappointed.'—I

don't understand you, Sir, (said I, pretending to be in a passion) I don't know whom you mean; nor what you intend by wanting to see any person in my house: and I'd have you to know, Sir, that I have none but the first nobility and gentry in the kingdom in my house; and so, Sir, pray let me see no more of you, for, for all your fine clothes (he was dressed in the richest suit of pearl-coloured clothes, embroidered with silver, that I ever saw in all my life) for all your fine clothes, I believe you are no better than you should be!" "Saying this, I turned about to leave him, but he caught hold of my hand, and slipping the ring into it, 'Dear madam, (said he with an heavy sigh, poor dear gentleman) dear madam do not be offended, only let me know the name of the young lady whom I saw coming from church with you last Sunday a fortnight, in a pink and silver robe; and pray accept this ring in return for the trouble I have given you.'—That young lady, Sir, (said I returning him his ring) is nothing to you, and I'll neither tell you her name nor accept of your present, and so, Sir—Just as I said this, a chariot and six, with a coronet on it, drove by, when the person in it, who had a blue ribbon, looking out, called to him, 'My dear lord, come: I want to speak to you;' upon which the other answered, 'My dear lord duke, I'll wait upon your Grace instantly'—and then the chariot stopping for him, he had only time to say to me, Well, madam, though I cannot prevail upon you to give me the information I want, be assured I will find out, who that young lady is, if she is to be found in England." Saying which, he stepped into the chariot, and I have never heard any thing of him since.

All the while this worthy gentlewoman was telling her story she watched Amanda's looks, who could not, and indeed did not strive to conceal the surprise it gave her. She very well remembered she had been at church that day, and dressed in that manner, and the dress of the gentleman was the very same our hero had worn the very

day before at church, and was too remarkable to escape her notice. As soon as she had recollected herself a little, "I really do not know what to make of this story madam, said she, a person in the dress you describe was at our church yesterday, as he has been once or twice before, where he stared at me in a manner that put me quite out of countenance."—"Good lack, & so he has kept his word, and found you out, answered the matron, well! who could have thought it. But what will not love do?"—"Love, madam, I do not understand you!"—"But you will understand me, my dear, when you are married to my lord! That I may live to see the day when I shall call you a countess!—Well, if his lordship would apply to me again, I believe I should give him another kind of an answer.—But pray, my dear, did your father take any notice of this sweet man?"—"My father was not at our church yesterday; he was in the country."—"That's well; and do you mind, my dear, don't you mention any thing of the matter to him; but leave the whole to my management, and I'll engage to make you a lady before a month is at an end: and then, dear lord, what a joyful surprise it will be to him, to see my lord and you kneel to ask his blessing. It will make him twice as happy as if he had known it all along."

The entrance of Eusebius put an end to this conversation, when the matron took her leave, with another earnest injunction of secrecy. Such an affair necessarily made an impression upon Amanda's mind: as soon as she had seen her friend to the door she retired to her own apartment to consider how she should act, when the voice of Eusebius, who having noticed the disorder he found her in a little before, and alarmed at her staying some time alone, came, in all the tender anxiety of love, to enquire what was the matter, determined her to tell him the whole affair instantly, and not wrong the sincerity of her attachment to him by a moment's thought of any other man.

Eusebius's surprise was not less than

Amanda's when he heard the whole story, which she told literally: "My heart's darling, said he, I should not wonder at the first nobleman in the land falling in love with you! In my opinion the man who can see you unmoved, must be destitute of every tender sensibility. But this affair is of a very different nature, or I am much deceived: I took very particular notice of this person; and through all the richness of his dress, could see something in his air and manner, far beneath the character she gave you of him. Beside, if he is such a person, why did he not speak to your father? why did he employ such an emissary, for it is evident that he employed her? why did she so earnestly enjoin you secrecy? This affair is plain; there is a base design either against your fortune, or your honour, which I will have explained before I sleep." "My dear Eusebius, returned Amanda, why all this heat? can it be worth your while to desire an explanation of it? Have you any doubt of me? do you think I am to be taken by a fine coat? or led away by the artifices of a woman whom you know I have not a respectful opinion of? you wrong me either way; and if I have any influence on you, you will leave this affair to my management. I will immediately tell my father of it: he shall forbid that woman his house, and then, as I will not stir out but in his or your company, whatever their designs are, they will soon see the vanity of them, and drop them. But if you should interfere abruptly, our connections will be discovered, and it might beside involve you in danger, and that I cannot bear the thought of."

Difficult as it was for Eusebius to suppress the immediate dictates of his resentment against these invaders of his happiness, he could not refuse obedience to the will of his Amanda: who told her father the whole story that very night. Mr. Commerce, though his happiness was as nearly concerned as Eusebius's, in every thing that related to his daughter, yet being cool, and unagitated by the solitudes of love, felt not

the same fears that so violently alarmed the other. "My children (said he) the scheme is just what Eusebius says; and I am much obliged to you both for the prudence and confidence that made you tell me of it: but I am for proceeding in a different manner, from what either of you propose. To call this person to an account, before he has declared himself would be ridiculous; and even after that would probably be dangerous; for adventurers of this kind seldom want resolution to support their schemes; and then to forbid the woman the house would only set them upon other plots, some of which might possibly be troublesome. Now, what I propose is, to play our scheme against theirs, and try whether we cannot make them sick of their project. You, Amanda, shall listen to the good woman's advice, and, without promising any thing, seem to yield a silent assent to whatever she proposes; and leave it to us to manage the affair after, from which I promise myself good entertainment."

Accordingly, when the matron paid her next visit, which was the very next day, Amanda received her with a serious countenance, and on her mentioning his *lordship*, forced a long sigh. The sagacious emissary now thought her work as good as done. She delivered a direct message from him, saying, he had been again with her that very morning, and prevailed upon her to undertake the affair for him, by the most sacred assurances of the sincerity of his passion, and honour of his intentions.—Amanda played her part as she was directed; and listening to every thing the other said, answered all her proposals with a sigh, or a squeeze of the hand. To carry on the affair it was necessary there should be another agent immediately about Amanda, to receive letters, &c. For this purpose, Amanda's maid, a sharp, arch girl, and who could be depended upon, suffered herself to be gained by an handsome present, which she took care to have repeated, on every occasion for her service, and thus the affair was brought to the assignation, which ended so unfor-

fortunately for our hero, as was related in the first part of this history, to which we must go back a little, to explain it more clearly.

The reader may remember, or if he does not, he may look back, and he will find, that in the account which our adventurer gave his deliverer of that unlucky affair, he told him, that "on hearing the poker hiss in the water, he had fainted away."—He certainly had so; & in such a manner, that his persecutors were some time apprehensive he was actually dead; but when they at length saw him shew signs of recovering, they thrust his clothes into the bag, and crammed himself in, after them, in his disguise, to add to his confusion when he should be found, and then tying up the bag, laid it on the dunghill, where the watchman had found it, Eusebius waiting at a little distance to see the event: and he it was, who had so opportunely entered into the watch-house, and rescued the unfortunate hero from the hands of the watchmen, and afterwards went with him to the bagnio, to learn his history from himself, as he did in the manner it has been faithfully related, which afforded him far less pleasure than it has the reader, and did Mr. Commerce and Amanda, to whom he repeated it, as soon as he returned home.

The severity with which this attempt had been punished, made Mr. Commerce think the adventurer's courage would be cooled by it; he therefore meant not to trouble himself any farther with him while he should remain quiet. But the young couple were not so easily satisfied. They had tasted the pleasure of innocent revenge for his base designs, and were resolved to pursue it a little farther. Accordingly Eusebius, the very next morning, put the following advertisement into the newspapers: "If the gentleman who sat in such a pew, in *such a church*, last Sunday, dressed in a pearl-coloured suit, embroidered with silver, is not married, nor engaged in inclination, a lady, neither old, nor ugly, with a fortune sufficient to make any man happy, is

willing to receive his addresses. An answer to these particulars, by the penny-post, directed to A. B. at Mrs. Commode's, milliner in Cheapside, will procure an interview. Honour is expected as nothing else is intended."

As soon as he had done this, he went to the bagnio to his new friend, who was just risen; and after returning his thanks, and receiving his professions of friendship, took his leave of him till the next evening, promising to make all the enquiry he could into the situation of affairs, at Mr. Commerce's, whom he pretended not to know, even by name, and taking his address, in case any thing should make it necessary for him to see him sooner. In the mean time Amanda was prepared for the reception of her female friend, who did not fail to wait upon her in the evening, though not a little disconcerted at the events of the night before, which she had learned from the unfortunate hero, upon whom she called in her way.—Amanda received her with a look of the utmost dejection, and could not be prevailed upon to answer a word to all her questions; however, her frequent sighs persuaded the sage matron that her heart was secure; though she imagined some promise extorted by her father, made her keep so obstinate a silence; she therefore proposed a plan for another interview, which she fixed for that night sennight, judging that her friend would want so much time to recover the effects of his late misfortune, and took Amanda's silence as a sufficient assent.

The account of this, which she carried directly to her friend, was some consolation for his disappointment, his bruises, and the spoiling of his fine clothes; but what was his astonishment next morning when he saw the advertisement which Eusebius had put in the news-paper. He immediately summoned his mother, and all his friends, to consult upon it, and after mature deliberation it was agreed that such an affair was not to be slighted for any uncertainty, however probable; particularly, as it would be no impediment to

his design upon Amanda, if it proved not worth pursuing, as he could deny to her, that he had ever taken any notice of it. Accordingly such an answer was directly despatched to Mrs. Commode's, as was thought would be most agreeable to the fair advertiser, disclaiming all engagement, and professing the utmost impatience for an interview; at the same time giving his address to save the trouble of advertising any more. This was directly what Eusebius wanted; he therefore, the very next morning, returned a reply to it, written in a female hand, and appointed for the desired meeting the very same moment which Amanda's mistress had before fixed for her scheme. This threw them all into a new difficulty; how they got over which, and what were the events of the double appointment, will be seen in our next.

(To be continued.)

NARRATIVE OF BONAPARTE.

By WILLIAM WARDEN, surgeon on board the *Northumberland*.

(Continued from page 23)

—I recur once more to the person of this object of your inquisitive spirit, as it leads to circumstances (I know they will not be thought trifling by you,) which are connected with this additional description of it. He has an uncommon face; large, full, and pale, but not sickly. In conversation, the muscles suffer little or no exertion; with the exception of those in the immediate vicinity of the mouth, the whole seemed fixed, and the forehead perfectly smooth. That of a Frenchman is generally wrinkled, from the habitual muscular exertion of the countenance, which we denominate grimace; but however earnest Napoleon may be in conversation, he discovers no distortion of feature. When he wishes to enforce a question, he sometimes employs his hand, but that alone: and were I describing a *petit maitre*, I might attribute the display to its uncommon handsomeness. He sometimes smiles, but I believe he seldom laughs.—I have never observed when laughter has prevailed around him, that he has caught the pleasant infection. The interesting children on board, who amuse every body, do not attract his attention. There is a large good-tempered Newfoundland dog, who is a frequent and

rather a rude playfellow of these urchins; and in a situation where no active entertainments are exhibited, the interludes of these performers afford no small degree of amusement to those around them. But they have never won a smile that I have observed, from the ex-imperial spectator.—Once indeed, when Bertrand was in conversation with his master, the count's little girl intruded upon it, with a story which all her father's prohibitions could not silence. On this occasion, Napoleon took her by the hand, heard out her little tale, and at the conclusion kissed her. But this very uncommon attention was probably paid to the child as the only mode of getting rid of her, which might not have been painful to the feelings of the father.

You will say, perhaps, when you have read a little further, that we are very much in want of amusements on board a ship, which we certainly know as well as you, and that we are pleased with little things: however, as you are the father of children, I will tell you something which I think will amuse you. Frequent attempts are made on the loyalty of the little Bertrands, by courting them in very seducing ways to say, *vive le roi*, and *vive Louis dix huit*. But the two eldest are loyal children and true, and never fail to reply with, *vive l'empereur*. The youngest of the three was however at length bribed by irresistible sweetmeats to say *vive Louis dix huit*; for he, like other cautious politicians, could not be persuaded to go all lengths, and add *vive le roi*. But this daring defection never failed to be followed by the reproaches of his uncorruptible brother and sister. This charming boy is said to bear a strong resemblance to the young Napoleon, and has acquired the title among us of John Bull, which he triumphantly retains; and if asked who he is, appears pleased to exclaim *Jean Bull*.

You have known me long, and have been acquainted with my general views in life: but who can foresee what he may come to? and could you suppose that I should ever be a teacher of the English language, and to the late grand marshal of the palace of the Tuilleries; though I have reason to be proud of my scholar for his amiable disposition, soldier-like frankness, and cultivated mind. He speaks English intelligibly, but with a very French accent. This he wished to improve, and I undertook to read with him. Such has been my task for an hour or two every day during the last fortnight. We have got through the Vicar of Wakefield with great success; Roderic Random, the never failing novel of a seaman, now occupies us. The sea terms and the seaman's language are rather perplexing, as my persevering scholar will not suffer a single sen-

tence to pass by without the best explanation that I can find. The Tour of Doctor Syntax yet remains, and will probably last us to St. Helena.

As you have desired me to omit nothing, however trifling, that relates to, or is authentically related of our chief passenger, I shall just mention that count Bertrand, in the history which he gave of the German campaign in 1807, took occasion to observe that Buonaparte had very seldom employed spies. He appeared, in the course of his warfare, to know but one instance of a person being engaged by his master in that capacity, which was in Italy; at the same time he acknowledged that the services performed by him were of considerable importance. In speaking also of Napoleon's talents for which he uniformly avows the most profound admiration, he expressed himself to the following effect:—"When I was first admitted to the emperor's confidence, he employed me on a particular service, and no zeal was wanting, on my part, to execute it; but I found it, as I thought, to be impracticable: and I did not hesitate to submit my opinion to him that it was so. It may be so to you, he replied, but in what manner did you proceed? I accordingly explained the means I had pursued. You have failed, he said, in following your plans: now see what success you will have in pursuing mine. These he explained—I adhered to them of course, and succeeded. I then determined never again to suppose that any commands of his could fail of being fulfilled: and in any future operations which he entrusted to me, the idea of impossibility never occurred to my thoughts in the performance of my duty, or was forced upon me by my experience in the failure of it."

I have observed, that at cards, our extraordinary man plays rather a negligent game, and loses his money with great good humour. Nay, he is frequently inaccurate in reckoning his points, &c. but as often, most assuredly, to his loss as his gain. At chess, indeed, which is a scientific game, independent of fortune, and considered as being connected with a leading branch of military tactics, he may not possess, perhaps, the same indifference. However that may be, I shrewdly suspect that Montholon, when he plays with him, takes care to be the loser. I have read, though I know not where, that some great commander, on being beat at chess by one of his officers, was so infuriated by the jealousy of the moment, that he drew forth a pistol and despatched his conqueror. I wonder whether the aide-de-camp has ever heard this story.

Having crossed the line, the south-west winds occasioned our making a sweep off the gulph of Guinea, before we were enabled

to shape a course for our destined port.—The declining sun of the 14th of October, 1815, shot out a parting ray ere it sunk beneath the horizon. Under this small illumined space, was obscurely perceived the lofty peak of St. Helena. The memorable morning soon dawned which was to usher in the commencement of Napoleon's exile. This new feature in his history will be the subject of my next letter.

&c. &c. &c.

W. W.

ST. HELENA, — — —

MY DEAR — — —,

The sensation excited in the little interesting colony of St. Helena, on the arrival of this extraordinary guest, may be more easily imagined than described. Curiosity, astonishment, and interest combined to rouse the inhabitants from their habitual tranquillity, into a state of busy activity and inquisitive solicitude.

Napoleon did not leave his cabin for a full hour after the ship had anchored in the bay; however, when the deck became clear, he made his appearance, and ascended the poop ladder, from which he could examine every gun that bristles at the mouth of James Valley, in the centre of which the town of that name, and the only one in the island, is situate—While he stood there, I watched his countenance with the most observant attention, and it betrayed no particular sensation: he looked as any other man would look at a place which he beheld for the first time.—I shall also take this opportunity to mention that during the whole voyage, from the moment the Northumberland set sail from England, to its arrival at St. Helena, I never saw any change in the placid countenance and unassuming manners of our distinguished shipmate; nor did I hear of a discontented look, or a peevish expression, being remarked by any other person in the ship. The ladies, indeed, discovered some distress on the first view of their rocky cage; but their general conduct on the occasion, displayed a degree of self-possession which was not expected of them.

The first object of the admiral was to make the necessary arrangements for the accommodation of Napoleon and his suite, and the lieutenant-governor's house was appropriated for that purpose; till a proper place could be prepared for his fixed residence. It was not, therefore, till the 17th that they disembarked.—After sun-set, on that day, when the inhabitants of the town, wearied out in waiting for the spectacle of Bonaparte's landing, had retired to their homes, he according to the wish he had expressed, passed unobserved to the house where he was to pass the first night as an inhabitant of St. Helena.

—At an early hour of the following morning, the general was on horseback, accompanied by sir George Cockburn. They ascended the mountain to Longwood which was to be the tranquil residence of a man, on an isolated rock in Africa, who had possessed gorgeous palaces in so many of the splendid cities of Europe.

About a mile from the town, and midway up the mountain, stands the country-house of a most respectable man and a merchant of the island, Mr. Balcombe: It is named The Briars, and is situated on a level spot, which might almost be imagined to have been formed by art in the steep ascent. It occupies about two acres, and is bountifully supplied with water, by whose irrigating influence a pleasing and contrasted scene of vegetation, enriched by fruit trees, has been produced; and seems, as it were, suspended between the heights above and the depths below. Here Napoleon, on his descent from Longwood, was induced to call; and such was the hospitable importunity of the amiable master of the mansion, that he relinquished his intention of returning to the valley thereby avoiding the public gaze that was awaiting his appearance.

On an elevated mound, about fifty yards from the house is a gothic building, having one room below, and two small apartments above. This masonette Napoleon chose for his residence, till Longwood could be completed. There was no choice in the arrangement of this confined abode; the ground-floor was, of course, occupied by him, while De las Cases, with his son, who was a page, and the valet in waiting were to possess the upper story.

A few days after he had fixed his residence at the Briars, I called to pay him a complimentary visit, when I found him reclining upon a sofa, apparently incommode by the heat. He had been, he said, amusing himself with a walk in the garden; but that towards noon he found it necessary to shelter himself from the sun, beneath his little roof. He appeared to be in very good spirits, and expressed himself with great civility to me, as well as in his inquiry after the officers of the Northumberland. After some general questions respecting the restrictions on visiting him, he said, "I find there is a considerable force on the island, full as many as the produce of the place is capable of maintaining. What could induce your government to send out the fifty-third regiment? There was, surely, a sufficient force before for my security; but this is the way that you English people get rid of your money." To this observation I did not hesitate to reply: "When a measure is once resolved upon, you, general, will acknowledge it to be the best policy to employ all

the means that may secure its being carried into complete effect." You, my friend, may think that I hazarded his displeasure by my answer; but the manner in which he received it, convinced me that he was better pleased with my frankness, than if I had hammered out a compliment, in which manufactory you well know that I am but an unskilful workman. I now took my leave, and strolled down with count Bertrand to dinner.

It was not till some time in November, that I paid a second visit to the Briars, whither an invitation to dine with Mr. Balcombe had called me. As I reached the spot some time before the dinner-hour, I proposed to amuse myself in examining the cultivated spots attached to the domain. I accidentally took the path which leads to the gardens, and at the gate where it terminates there is a narrow goat's passage whose sides are lined with prickly pear bush. At the angle formed by the two paths, I met Napoleon clattering down from among the rocks in his heavy military boots. He accosted me with an apparent mixture of satisfaction and surprise; and reproached me in terms of great civility for my long absence. There was a rough deal board placed as a seat between two stones, on which after having brushed away the dust with his hand, he sat himself down, and desired me to take my place by him.—Las Cases soon joined us, for in scrambling through these rocky paths, his master, badly as he walks, had got the start of him. On all sides of the spot where we were seated, rocks were piled on rocks to the height of a thousand feet above our heads, while there was an abyss of equal depth at our feet. Nature seems in a sportive mood to have afforded this level space for a semi-aerial dwelling; and while I was gazing with some astonishment on the barren wonders of the scene around me—"Well," said Napoleon, with a smile, "what say you to it?—and can you think that your countrymen have treated me kindly?"—I had but one answer to such a question; and that was, by not giving any answer at all.—His conversation then turned upon the state and character of the island, of which he observed, all the books he read respecting it, during the voyage had given a very partial representation, unless there were parts of a more pleasing aspect than any he had seen in his rides to Longwood; which comprehended the utmost extent of his observation. His conversation was, on this occasion, as on all others when I have been with him—easy, good humoured, and familiar, without the least taint of his former greatness: and whenever the topic would admit of it, he never failed to give an air of cheerfulness to his remarks. On my men-

tioning the activity of the admiral in superintending the repairs at Longwood, and that it would probably be ready to receive him in the course of a month;—he replied your admiral knows I doubt not, to a moment, in what time a ship may be got ready, but as an architect, I think his calculations will fail—I maintained however, that whether it was upon land or sea, sir George Cockburn was of a character that would ensure success in whatever he might be called upon to undertake—I added, that the officers were actually employed in accompanying the seamen to Longwood with the materials necessary for its completion. He then inquired after those gentlemen whose names he endeavored to recollect; and expressed a wish to see them as they passed. “If,” said he, “they will be contented to visit me as you now do, in the fields: as my present habitation, which serves me for breakfast, dinner, and bed room, is not precisely calculated to receive company.”

To be continued.

THE SUICIDE.—A FRAGMENT.

***** ’Twas night; a solemn silence pervaded the earth, the winds roared in hollow blasts, while the troubled ocean dashed its foaming billows against the rocks, and reverberated in sounds the most tremendous; the sky was dark and troubled, except when the moon emerged in all her splendor from a heavy cloud: not a star glittered in the firmament, but its appearance forboded a heavy storm, which the agitated fluttering of the sea bird seemed also to prognosticate.

I gazed around and beheld, by the light of Cyathia (which at that moment shone with uncommon lustre,) a tall, elegantly formed young man; his head was uncovered, and his hair loosely on his shoulders; he stood on the brink of the precipice. I approached him, he saw me not. “Great God!” in a voice so soft that it melted me into tears, while he appeared to choke articulation, ‘pity the unfortunate wretch now before thee, pardon the act I am about to commit, and forgive, the author of my miseries! Ah, Emma! How have I implored your pity! Yet to all my entreaties you have remained inexorable, and drive me to endless ruin, and the

abyss of eternal misery; yet ’tis for thee alone I wish to live.”—At this moment the painfulness of the recollection seemed too much; he hesitated, then frantically exclaimed—“Coward heart! wouldst thou live the object of her scorn? No, rather die!”—Then, raising his arms he loudly exclaimed,—“Ah, Emma! in a few moments the heart that ever beat for thee alone, will beat no more. In the cold grave, the blest assylum of the wretched, I shall repose, the victim of injustice and ambition.—Some happier object, I trust, will possess thy love, more ennobled by the gifts of fortune, than the poor deserted object Henry. But I have a soul!”—and here his voice assumed a tone of self-applause—“noble as thine; another lingering moment, and Henry will never blast thy sight; he does not fear death, but dares to meet it in the most horrid form.” At this critical moment I approached and seized him by the hand; his eyes rolled wildly, he gazed on me, while an enquiry of who I was, was bursting from his lips; but I interrupted him. “Rash youth!” cried I, “forbear to meet thy God thus unprepared; rather bless the hand that lengthens out the slender cord of life, than madly to enter into a world of spirits.”—While speaking, he looked fiercely at me, snatched a poniard from his bosom, which he plunged into his heart. The wound was mortal: he fell, never to rise again. The crimson fluid issuing from his side, bedewed my garments; his fine athletic form became convulsed, a ghastly smile sat on his countenance, while drops of agony rolled down his cheeks: he fixed his dying eyes on me, pressed my hand with fervour, and inwardly exclaimed—“Farewell—mercy—Emma—farewell for ever!” He gasped for breath; nature was quite exhausted; the feeble spark of life diminished fast; he groaned, sunk again to the ground, from which, while speaking, he had raised himself, and expired. I stood bending over him appalled with horror; till, roused by a sense of my own situation, I returned home ruminating on the melancholy event. On enquiry I found he

was a youth of amiable manners, fascinating person, and possessing every requisite to make him a valuable member of society; unable to brook disappointment, dared thus to terminate his existence, leaving his worthy parents inconsolable.

HORRID CUSTOM.

In our Intelligence last week, we mentioned the death of the Rajah of Nepaul, and the burning of his queens, concubines, and female attendants; since which, the following account of the horrible sacrifice performed at his funeral, has come to hand—taken from a Calcutta paper of Dec. 16, 1816.

Valley of Nepaul, 20th
November, 1816.

A little after the Rajah ceased to be a Prince, and the event was communicated to the resident, who, as a mark of condolence, and in compliment to the court, proceeded with his suite in mourning, and on foot, to the spot where much more awful scenes, than had yet occurred were in a state of forwardness. I mean the preparations for the human sacrifices, that the death of a Hindoo prince, in these mountainous regions, invariably demands. On reaching the temple, we were received by the venerable Raj Gooron, or high priest, "whose hoary locks bespoke his lengthened years." He was in tears, mentioned that one of the ranees, one of the concubines of the rajah, with five of their females attendants were to burn with the remains of their master; and after lamenting, on the passing events, pointed out to us a spot, at a little distance, from whence we could witness the scene; and retired to continue the obsequies of his departed prince.

The funeral pile was erected in the bed of the Bunymuttee River, which, in its course through the valley is very shallow, and here so narrow, that its sacred waters wash the foundation of the temple of Pusputnauth, on the one side, and moisten the trees of its gloomy groves, that overhangs it from the other;

and as we were beholding the funeral rites, in a most anxious state of suspense, the sonorous sounds of the Singha, while they tended, by taking off the attention of the devoted females, from the surrounding crowd, to fit them for their approaching end, added solemnity to such scenery.

Our situation did not admit of distinctly observing, what might be called the niceties of the awful ceremony; but we were near enough, to distinguish the innocent victim of superstition, who was about sixteen years old, and said to be of an interesting figure, take off her ornaments, throw loosely over her loins and breasts a cloth; as she ascended the pile with her companions, she distributed to the brahmins, her relations, and attendants that stood around, a couple of elephants, some buffaloes, bullocks, calves, horses, jewels & frankincense, with the clothes and ornaments she had just thrown off—meant, I believe, as marks of her regard, or as proofs, that she parted from this world in peace with all; and saying, as we were afterwards told, something to those who were most endeared to her (for whatever a Sultee utters, is looked on as prophetic) she placed the head of her departed husband on her lap, when heaps of sandal-wood, smeared with oil and ghee, were piled around her, and her companions, on which a great number of torches, descending the steps of the Temple, communicated their flames to the combustible pile, at the same time, that the hallowed groves and temples re-echoed the shouts and groanings the multitude set up; and in a moment, the souls of the devoted girls fled, in shrieks, to Heaven!!! To Heaven, I say; for surely an all-just, and all-directing God, granted the boon their acts were directed to obtain, however erroneous in the opinion of a Christian, the mode of seeking it may appear!!!

One of the most prominent features of an upright and noble mind is a promptitude in acknowledging a fault, and in correcting any error or mistake into which it may have been betrayed.

VARIETY.

THE PAINTER AND THE PORTER.

The following story is related in a late Paris paper: A painter who wished to represent the tragical end of Milo, of Crotono, met in the street a porter of a most athletic form. He admired his colossal figure and vigorous muscles, and offered to give him a pound sterling if he would stand to him as a model. It was only necessary to tie his hands, and confine them within an iron ring, in order to represent, as well as possible, the trunk of a tree in which Milo's hands were imprisoned when he was devoured by wild beasts. The porter readily consented to the painter's proposals; he stripped himself and suffered his hands to be bound. Now, said the artist, imagine that a lion is darting upon you; and make every effort which you would do in such a case to escape his fury. The model threw himself into the most violent agitation—but he made too many grimaces; but there was nothing natural in his frightful contortions.—The painter gave him further directions, but still he failed of producing the desired effect.—At length he thought of the following singular method. He let loose a vigorous mastiff, which was kept in the yard of the house, and desired him to seize the unfortunate captive. This excited both gesticulation and utterance. The efforts of the porter thus became natural, and the fury of the animal increased in proportion as his struggles were violent. The painter in a fit of transport, seized his pencils. The patient, however, who had been bitten and torn by the dog, uttered violent cries. Excellent! bravo! exclaimed the artist. Continue: O! that's admirable! Finally, the sitting, or rather the torture being at an end, the artist offered the promised salary; but the model replied, that he had agreed to accept of a pound sterling for being painted, and not for being bitten; he demanded a large indemnity. The affair has been brought before the tribunals.

CANDLE OMENS.

From GROSE's Popular Antiquities.

The fungus parcels, as Sir Thomas Brown calls them, about the wicks of candles, are commonly thought to foretell strangers. In the north as well as in other parts of England, they are called letters at the candle, as if the forerunners of some strange news. These says Brown, with his usual pedantry of style, which is well atoned for by his good sense and learning, only indicate a moist and pluvius air, which hinders the avolation of the light and favillous particles whereupon they settle upon the snout. That candles and lights, he observes also, burn blue and dim at the apparition of spirits, may be true, if the ambient air be full of sulphureous spirits, as it happens often in mines. Melton in his *Astrologaster*, says, that "if a candle burne blew, it is a signe that there is a spirit in the house, or not farre from it." A collection of tallow, says Grose, rising up against the wick of a candle, is styled a winding sheet, and deemed an omen of death in the family. A spark at the candle, says the same author, denotes that the party opposite to it will shortly receive a letter. A kind of fungus in the candle, observes the same writer, predicts the visit of a stranger from that part of the country nearest the object. Dr. Goldsmith, in his *Vicar of Wakefield*, speaking of the waking dreams of his hero's daughter, says, the girls had their omens too, they saw rings in the candle.

MISERIES OF STORE KEEPERS.

To pull down a quantity of articles, unfold each individual piece to shew the fine texture, &c.—after having spent half an hour passing encomiums on the quality and excellence, you are about to apply the scissors, when you are informed. "O never mind Sir, I can purchase it much cheaper next door."

Being extremely anxious to raise a sum of money to take up a note, which was it unpaid would certainly ruin your credit, you offer your goods under cost,

and having sold to an individual enough to lift the note, you are expeditious in making out the bill, on presenting which you are told, "If you will lend him a pen and ink he will give you a short note, say at 60 days."

To have your store filled with ladies, obliged to shew them all the fancy articles, and entertain them with the prices they would have to pay in other places, but having detained you till your dinner is cold, they curtesy with "Good morning Mr. —, we will call again."

BAD THINGS.

An unfaithful servant—a smoky house—a stumbling horse—a scolding woman—an aching tooth—an empty purse—an undutiful child—corns on the toes—an incessant talker—hogs that break through enclosures—a dull razor and a pimpled face—a butting ram—a bull that gores—mosquitoes in a bed chamber—are universally allowed to be very bad things.

CURIOUS

Properties of different words in the English Language—from an English Magazine.

1. There is a word in the English language of two syllables, to which if you add a syllable, it will make a word of one syllable.

2. There is a word of four syllables from which if you take a syllable, only one syllable will remain.

3. There is a word in the English language, to which if you add a syllable it will make it shorter.

4. There is a word in the English language, the two first letters of which are *male*, the three first *female*, the four first a *brave man* and the whole word a *brave woman*.

The ancient Assyrians assembled, yearly, all the marriageable girls, and the public cryer announced their sale at auction—The most amiable and attracting were purchased by the rich, at a high price; and the less beautiful or accomplished received the money accru-

ing from the sales, and were disposed of with their portions to men in destitute circumstances, or of moderate property. In our times the rule is reversed—It is believed the rich will sooner take the deformed with fortunes, than give money for the amiable.

The system of *Match-making* in England (says a London Magazine) has generally been considered rather as a private affair than a public occupation. In Finland, however, it is actually a profession, practised by one or two old women in every village. But it is perhaps a more curious fact, that the solemnization of the marriage ceremony only takes place on one day in the year.

I never know a scolding person, that was able to govern a family.—What makes people scold? Because they cannot govern themselves. How then can they govern others?—Mark well, as you may—*Those who govern well are generally calm.* They are prompt and resolute, but steady and mild.

ANECDOTES.

The popular whim is not to eat oysters until there be an *r* in the month. The keeper of a shop in London, has obviated that objection, by dating his bills *Argust* the 1st.

Two foreigners walking up and down a coffee-room, one of them proposed to the other that they should shew to the company that they were not totally ignorant of the English language. The latter agreeing, addressed the other in a loud tone of voice, and enquired, "*did it rain to-morrow?*" His companion very appropriately replied, "*Yes, it was,*" to the no small amusement of those who were present.

A gentleman ridiculing the American flag, observed that it was different from those of all other nations. That may be, said a by-stander, but at least it is divine, *stripes shall be for the back of fools.*

Seat of the Muses.

For the Ladies' Weekly Museum.

LINES.

OH I have seen a summer evening sun,
Emit such beauty from its splendid beams,
That I have bid Eve's shadows softly steal,
Nor for a moment cloud the gay serene
But when I mark'd its brilliance fading fast,
And swift departing was the painted bliss,
Oh I have sigh'd with fancy's deepest sigh,
There is no sweeter, lovelier hour than this;
And when the beauties of this scene was past,
All sunk adown in Ocean's glowing flood,
A soft, romantic melancholy stole,
And listless of the coming scene I stood;
Oh this I said is emblem just, and true,
Of all of friendship, which the world now
claims,
Its taper, lighted, for a moment glows,
A bright, resplendant, wav'ring, fitful flame,
In this bleak world, each soul seeks out its
mate,
And 'gainst old age, prepares its friends in
youth,
But oh, too many, feigns the generous flame,
And swears eternal fealty, and truth :
Ye, that have watch'd with moralizing eye,
On eve's dark mantle, some gay, cheering
light,
Felt ye not sorrow when its beam expir'd,
And left to darkness sad and lonely night ;
The question paus'd, and o'er the sad com-
plaint,
Pale Luna threw her cold and silvery shade,
Forc'd a dull lesson on my chilling heart,
And led to where her beams illumin'd a
glade :
The spot was lovely, and I linger'd still,
But dews of night fell thickly round my form
" Queen of the silver bow" thy hour's se-
rene,
But like pale Apathy, it fails to warm.
The air was chill, the similitude was strong,
I plac'd Indifference on her sable bier,
And sought again, amid the world's wide
range,
And paid the price, which renders friends
sincere.

ELLA.

THE DROWNED PASSENGER.

ALONG the beach the peasants stray'd,
At day-light when the storm was o'er,
And, lo ! by winds and waves convey'd,
A corse extended on the shore !

His face was comely ev'n in death ;
His lips had lost their coral hue,
But smil'd as if, with parting breath,
A ray divine had cheer'd his view !

When ev'ry aid was vainly given,
The villagers in tears exclaim,
O ! for a miracle from Heaven,
To animate thy lifeless frame !

Some friend, perhaps, whose boding fears
Forbade thy feet at first to roam,
Or parent, in declining years,
With anxious heart, expects thee home !

Whoe'er thou art, whate'er thy name,
Or whosoe'er thy kindred be,
Humanity asserts her claim
To feel for them, and mourn for thee !

Around thy brow, with many a tear,
Sad virgins shall the cypress twine ;
Deck with sweet flow'rs thy humble bier,
And chant a requiem at thy shrine !

O ! if, amid this world of care,
A mother dear, or sisters mourn,
And, for a while avert despair,
With hopes and fears for thy return—

In vain for thee, when tempests roar,
They watch far off, the whit'ning sail ;
Thy bark has reach'd the happy shore,
Where winds and waves can ne'er prevail !

Some nymph, perhaps, the village pride !
Unconscious of thy hapless doom,
Still fondly hopes to be thy bride—
Still wastes for thee her vernal bloom !

On some lone cliff me thinks she stands,
And, gazing o'er the troubled sea,
Imagines scenes in foreign lands,
Where love and bliss encircle thee !

Yes, thou art blest in realms above !
And, when she lifts her longing eyes,
She'll see the spirit of her love,
With Angels, soaring in the skies !

Greenock Advertiser

THE MORNING STAR.

Written at Sea.

From chambers brighter than the day,
 Star of the morning, thou art come
 To gild with glory's opening ray
 The front of heaven's imperial dome.

Thou break'st upon the dazzled view
 In all the eastern splendour bright,
 Thy beamy locks are bath'd in dew,
 Thy skirts are dipt in orient light.

Thy rays illumine the watry waste,
 And chace afar the fiend-like brood;
 That harrow'd up the ocean's breast,
 And all night rode the boiling flood.

The sailor feels his bosom swell,
 And hails thy lustre with a song,
 The sea-nymphs smite the sounding shell,
 With joy, their coral caves among.

But, oh! thou bring'st no joy to me;
 No transports in my bosom rise
 To mark thy bright'ning path, and see
 The day-spring crimson o'er the skies.

Yet I have lov'd, with lingering pace,
 Where high the green hill lifts its head,
 To rove at vernal dawn, and trace
 The new-born glories as they spread.

'Twas when for me the hamlet smil'd
 Beneath the waving green-wood tree,
 When friendship all my cares beguil'd,
 And love awoke my heart to glee.

But now no dear connubial home,
 No friend shall bless me any more,
 With many a weary step I roam,
 An exile from my native shore.

Why should I joy in Phœbus' ray,
 Who never more shall comfort prove?
 It only shines to point the way
 That leads me from the land I love.

IMPROMPTU

On the present fashion of the Ladies' wear-
 ing Mob Caps.

Old England, haste! your forces arm!
 For faction now spreads new alarm,
 And breathes malignant sobs!
 Each manly breast is filled with fear,
 All London dreads the danger near,
 Now women go in mobs.

MARIA'S TOMB.

SHEPHERDS, in yonder conscious grove,
 We'll mourn the dear departed maid,
 Who, early torn from life and love,
 Now sleeps beneath the waving shade.

Where, sainted spirit, art thou flown?
 To what far regions of the blest?
 Where the sad soul forgets to groan,
 And where the weary are at rest.

To bowers of bliss, beyond the sky,
 Beloved, speeds thy airy flight,
 Where rapture rises to a sigh,
 And all is transport and delight.

Yet still for thee our wailings flow,
 And still for thee the tear is shed,
 In all the luxury of woe.
 In haunts where thou hast often stray'd:

Where oft with pious hands we bring,
 At opening morn and closing day,
 Each flower that swells the lap of spring,
 To deck the sod that wraps thy clay.

O! while the blushing rose we strew;
 And with its leaves the cypress twine,
 Lean'st thou, blest shade, from Heav'n to
 view
 The incense offer'd at thy shrine?

Or com'st thou from thy bright abode,
 In moon-beams drest, at twilight hour,
 To hover round the blooming sod,
 Wet with the tears true lovers pour?

If, haply, riding on the beam,
 Thy spirit should these offerings see,
 Accept the tokens of esteem,
 A tribute due to love and thee.

ON THE CREATION.

WHEN I behold Creation's wond'rous
 frame,
 And think of HIM who form'd the mighty
 spheres,
 That roll in ether through immensity,
 I wonder, and with gratitude adore
 The Maker, Father, Glory of them all.—
 How great must be that God, who, with a
 word,
 Can blast the prostrate world! at whose
 command
 Nations shall fall and crumble into dust,
 Or rise triumphant o'er insulting foes!—

HE form'd the sun, the comfort of the
 whole,
 And gave him light and heat, or else his orb
 Had been a rayless mass, nor e'er had shone
 The glory of the planetary worlds,
 That, rolling, circle his majestic throne :
 HE fix'd their bounds, and bade them roll
 oblique;
 From Mercury to Herschel's frozen orb.
 'Twas HE that bade the moon, when sable
 Night
 Hath drawn her curtains o'er the slumb'ring
 world,
 Shine forth to cheer the gloomy heart of
 man.
 'Twas HIS all-powerful hand that plac'd
 the stars
 In heaven's wide vault, that man might
 see in these
 The high display of HIS almighty power,
 That, by one potent word, created all,
 And breath'd a fair perfection o'er the
 whole.

NEW-YORK,

SATURDAY, MAY 24, 1817.

Intelligence.

+ ~ +

On Saturday evening the 17th inst. Margaret Platt, a coloured woman, 60 years of age, was killed by accidentally falling into the privy of a house in Chamber-street, near Broadway. The death of this unfortunate woman was owing to the shameful structure of the building, which, though almost new, was built in so slight a manner, the floor of the house not having sufficient support, gave way, and the deceased and her daughter, who was with her, were precipitated to the bottom of the sink. The daughter escaped unhurt ; but the aged mother fell a victim to the covetousness of the builder.

The body of William Thompson, a native of England, aged 25 years, was found in Pike-street slip. He had lost a leg at Perry's victory.

A man of the name of Tessier, of the parish of St. Anne, in the district of Three Rivers, (Canada) supposed to be

dead, was carried to church about 24 hours after, where his funeral service was performed: he was then placed in the Charnel House, which is the ordinary custom in Canada, during the severity of winter, on account of the difficulty of opening the earth at that time. About eight days after, it became necessary to open the Charnel-house, when the coffin of Tessier was found open, his feet out, his hands torn, the left hand grasped into his right shoulder, and the body turned upon the right side.

Accounts from Lagaira, mention the recapturing of Barcelona by the royal Spanish troops after a most sanguinary battle with the Patriots, 500 of whom afterwards, men, women and children, who had taken refuge in a church, the Spaniards most cruelly put to death.

A severe earthquake has been experienced between Tobasco and the South Seas, 60 miles distant from the former place, which had sunk land 30 leagues in extent ; the whole face of the country it is said, had been torn up, and the rivers Tobasco and St. Francis rendered impassable by the thousands floating trees on their surface. An Indian village with all its inhabitants, had been swallowed up.

An epidemic prevails at a place called Manchester, opposite to Richmond, Virg. Out of a population not exceeding 500 persons, 130, chiefly negroes, are said to have died in the course of six weeks.

The Hessian Fly is making dreadful ravages in the lower parts of Maryland and Virginia, where it is said thousands of fields are nearly destroyed by them. Various remedies are recommended to destroy or stop their progress, such as burning the stubble soon after harvest, sprinkling the soil impregnated with soot or salt, and sowing the bearded in preference to the bald wheat.

A late Bermuda paper states that one of Mr. Francis F. Hinson's boats, in the whale fishery, which had been fitted with a gun imported for the purpose, had lately *Shot a Whale*, and brought it in. This is quite a novel mode of carrying on war against those huge natives of the great deep. The gun is charged

with a harpoon of curious construction which is shot with such force as to enter the whale when at a considerable distance; and possession of the object is retained by a warp attached to the harpoon before the discharge of the gun, and made fast also to the boat.

In the county of Fincastle, Virginia there is a small run of water, or spring, possessed of a quality which cannot be defined (though supposed to be a mineral water, strongly impregnated with sulphur, or some such thing) by snapping a pistol, or tinder-box, with a little gun powder, the water will instantly catch fire, and burn in the same manner as spirits would, until the water is entirely consumed, or dried up, when the channel, which is common earth, is left as ashes. There being no more water left to feed the flame, the spring bubbles out from the crevices of the earth as usual, and in the space of half an hour, the current goes on as formerly.

PARSNIPS AND POETRY.

A Connecticut paper says, "Was dug from the garden of Mr. John Griffin, of East Haddam, Conn. this spring, a parsnip, which measured four feet three inches in length, exclusive of a part of it left in the ground.

"What soil has given, since the fall of Adam,

Such BEETS and PARSNIPS as East Haddam."

These lines partake of the spirit and patriotism of a couplet from an old correspondent on seeing Col. Cook's famous beef cattle some years since in this town:—

"All Europe boasts of Leadenhall,
But Boston Market beats them all."

Bost. Gaz.

FLYING.

Mr. Degen, a Watch-Maker of Vienna, has invented a machine for flying in the air. It is formed of two kinds of parachutes of taffeta, which may be folded up or extended at pleasure, and the person who moves them is placed in the centre. M. Degen has made several public experiments, and rose to a height

of 54 feet, flying in various directions with the celerity of a bird. In one of his aerial excursions he was attacked by a flock of crows and with some difficulty descended without injury.

Remedy for Apoplexy.—M. Sage has lately stated, in a memoir published at Paris, the efficacy of flor. volatile alkali in cases of severe apoplexy. "For at least 40 years," says he, "I have had opportunities of witnessing the efficacy of volatile alkali taken internally, as an immediate remedy for the apoplexy, if employed on the first appearance of the disease."

THE frequent calls to complete volumes of the Museum for binding, even sometimes of three or four years standing, induces us *again* to remind our subscribers, although we are always willing to make up for any omissions which may happen by the mistakes or neglects of carriers, we think it quite unreasonable to expect us to make up deficiencies occasioned by lending or suffering their papers to be torn

NUPTIAL.

MARRIED,

On the 17th of April last, by the rev. Mr. Milnor, Mr. George Treadwell, of the house of John & George Treadwell, to Miss Cornelia Roxanna Wetmore, all of this city.

By the rev. Mr. Clay, Mr. Morehouse Gray, to Mrs. Clarissa Hoyt, of this city.

By the rev. Mr. Blatchford, Mr. Samuel Buchanan, to Miss Sally Davidson, both of this city.

OBITUARY.

The City Inspector reports the death of 52 persons in this City, during the week ending the 10th inst.

DIED,

Jotham Post, esq. lately a member of Congress from this city aged 46.

Mr. Francis Bayard Winthrop, aged 64.

Mr. Abraham Bussing, jun. eldest son of Mr. Abraham Bussing, aged 23.

Mr. Joseph Watkins, aged 59.

Miss Harriot A. Hunt, aged 11, daughter of John Hunt, Corlaers-Hook.

NEW-YORK THEATRE.

No. III.

The Drama. Some remarks, that I wish to make on the immoral tendency of the "STRANGER," performed on Friday the 16th inst. preclude any observations on the other pieces performed since my last number.

While the author intends, perhaps only to exhibit for our commiseration the picture of a good man struggling under one of the greatest of human miseries—mental anguish—he in effect disguises the blackest of crimes in the mask and garb of virtue, and then holds it up to our deluded view, to be admired and applauded.

If the Drama have any influence on the manners and morals of mankind, and I doubt not it has its share, particularly on youth, whose minds are exposed to every good or evil impression, may not a reasonable apprehension be entertained, that scenes, in which so powerful an appeal is made immediately to the heart and feelings, rather than to justice and honor, will be injurious in their effects? Heaven forbid that I should censure that first and greatest of christian attributes—*Forgiveness*; but if there be a merit in pardoning such an act, it is by doing it in secret; for most certainly were it known, it would be a most pernicious precedent.

For my own part I very much doubt the propriety of admitting such scenes on the stage at all; for at least it has a tendency to familiarise the mind to them.

MASTRIX.

FASHIONS.

ENGLISH WALKING DRESS.

Round dress of fine cambric, under a pelisse of emerald-green reps sarsnet, ornamented and faced with flutings of green and white satin, elegantly finished by British silk trimming; and waist girt by a rich silk cordon of the same manufacture, with full tassels. Spring bonnet of green curled silk, the crown and ornaments of white satin and emerald-green to correspond with the pelisse. Green satin half boots & Limerick gloves. —Berlin ridicule of green & white satin.

TABLET OF MEMORY.

(Continued.)

<i>Pendulums</i> for clocks invented	1656
<i>Pins</i> used	1543
<i>Pistols</i> first used by horsemen	1544
<i>Plays</i> first performed in England by Parish Clerks	1373
<i>Posts</i> established in England	1635
<i>Potatoes</i> first carried to England from America	1538
(For a time thought unhealthy—prohibited at a time in France by a royal edict.)	
<i>Printing</i> invented in Germany by Jacob Faust	1441
<i>Pumps</i> invented	1425
<i>Reprisals</i> at sea first granted	1295
<i>Rice</i> first cultivated in So. Carolina	1702
<i>Saffron</i> first brought to England	1539
<i>Saltpetre</i> first made in England	1625
<i>Scarlet</i> dye first used in England	1643
<i>Scenes</i> first introduced into theatres	1533
<i>Sextant</i> invented by Tycho Brahe	1550
<i>Sheep</i> sent to Spain from England	1467
<i>Speaking</i> trumpets invented	1652
<i>Spectacles</i> invented by a Monk	1290
<i>Spinning</i> wheel invented at Brunswick	1530
<i>Statues</i> of England first printed	1433
<i>Steam</i> engines invented for raising water, &c.	1618
<i>Stirrups</i> used in the 6th century.	
<i>Silk</i> stockings first worn by Henry VII. of France	1547
Howell says that in 1560 Queen Elizabeth was presented with a pair and never wore cloth ones any more.	

Sugar first mentioned by Paul Equinetta, a physician, 625; originally it came from China; produced in Sicily in 1143; in Madeira 1419; carried to the West Indies by the Spaniards and Portuguese 1510; refining discovered at Vienna, 1503.

(To be continued)

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